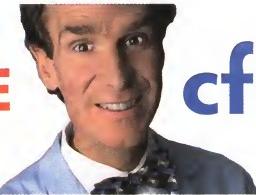


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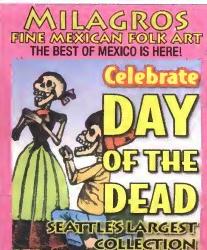
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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

» FROM PAGE 12

seen so much money before. "But it went fast—expensive clothes, nice dinners, buying rounds for the college kids," I Laguna said. "It was gone in six months, and then I lost it. I didn't buy one thing of consequence, not even a car."

On it went, three more robberies, all choreographed by Hopwood: a \$10,000 bank heist in Hallam (pop. 276) in December '97; \$20,000 more in February '98 in Gresham (pop. 270); and two months later, a \$25,000 payout in Peru (pop. 569)—each committed with a friend named Craig, a roommate of Hopwood's in Lincoln. Craig had had a tough childhood. Tossed out of the Catholic high school, he'd done a stint at Father Flanagan's Boys' Town. He was sleeping out of his car when Hopwood brought him into the apartment.

(Tom was involved in only the first robbery, and served 4½ years in prison. He wanted to give back the money from the Petersburg robbery, but Hopwood said no. He was arrested 18 months after the crime while taking a college class as a criminal-justice major, and now runs a pool-cleaning business in Arizona. For obvious reasons, Hopwood will not disclose his last name—not

out Craig had told a buddy about the robberies, and the friend had snitchied. Police also found Hopwood's palm print on one of the getaway cars.

"I told them everything," says Hopwood. "In some ways it was a relief to have it over with. I knew I was walking a tightrope. I don't know, but I don't think I'd have done another one, because we took so much money on the last one."

Or this dark confession to five armed robbers, Jack Klosterman says: "It was the first time in my life that Shon had come completely clean on anything."

Compliments of the Justice Prisoner and Alien Transportation System, otherwise known as Con Air, a shackled Hopwood touched down on a back strip at O'Hare, far from the terminal, in May 1999, a month after Judge Kopf had meted out a sentence of 147 months. After the sentencing, Hopwood's mother Becky, in the courtroom that April morning, whispered to him, "You're a good boy, Shon, and God will protect you. Remember that."

In a bus packed with other prisoners, Hopwood was driven to Pekin, a medium-high-security prison with 1,400 inmates. It houses its share of murderers, rapists, and child molesters, Hopwood says. It's an eight-hour drive from David City, but it may as well have been a planet away from the 4,000 head of cattle Mark Hopwood was looking after at Grass Valley Farms. With its low-slung modern



to this reporter, nor in the book he co-wrote with Dennis Burke in 2012, *Last Man: My Story of Robbing Banks, Winning Supreme Court Cases, and Finding Redemption*.

"I knew it was incredibly wrong," says Hopwood. "Afterwards, when the robberies were done, I used a lot of drugs and booze, sometimes even cocaine, just so I could stop thinking about it."

The party ended on July 2, 1998. Hopwood had rented a room at the DoubleTree Inn in Omaha. He'd been there two weeks, drinking and carousing with Craig, Craig's younger brother Cody, and Hopwood's kid brother Brett, all of whom had helped rob a bank in Pilger, Nebraska, in 1996, 370 miles away before. It was a big celebration at the DoubleTree, and why not? "We hit the jackpot with that one," Hopwood recalls. "We got \$12,000 out of it."

That July afternoon, Hopwood walked into the lobby looking for Brett. Four men were sitting there, all wearing suits and ties. It didn't look right. "One of them asks, 'Are you Shon Hopwood?' I said yeah. Then they jumped up and tackled me to the ground. They were all with the FBI." Turns

buildings, one might mistake Pekin for a business park. Of course, when greeted at the gate by a party of shotgun- and assault weapon-wielding guards, as Hopwood was, impressions quickly change.

"It's total apprehension in the beginning," Hopwood reflects. "The noise of those electronic doors locking, I can still hear. It makes me sick to hear that sound." Seated at a small conference table inside the UW law school, he continues, "It's figuring out how to do the time without getting into a train wreck. There're cliques, racial tensions, gangs. It's about 70 percent black."

"You learn soon that it is your mouth, it's drugs and alcohol, or sex or gambling—those are the things that can get you in trouble, that you got to stay away from, and then maybe you'll make it. In the beginning though, I did marijuana, beer, cigarettes, the light at the end of the tunnel was dim. I didn't have much hope. You've seen the movie *Groundhog Day*? Well, every day is Groundhog Day."

Hopwood writes in *Last Man*: "*This was the middle of May 1999. The Knows War was underway. George Bush was governor of*

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

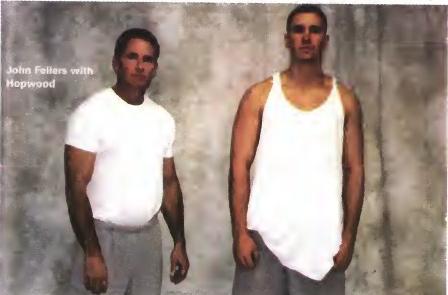
» FROM PAGE 15

Texas. The Twin Towers were still standing. The Backstreet Boys released their Millennium album. Seal was The Phantom Menace came out, and did Windows 98. Google was getting its first venture financing and Mark Zuckerberg turned sixteen. For me, a lot of things would freeze over time. I would rarely touch a computer again for ten years. It is beyond strange to be in such a place and feel your life freezing over, like a sci-fi story where you die

and concerned residents of close-knit David City. "I wrote him just to tell that the Lord has better days for you," recalls Jack Kaufmann, a retired David City doctor.

Hopwood had seen Ann Metzner around town as a kid. She was a cheerleader at the Catholic high school, a cross-country runner, and an actress in school plays and musicals who'd go on to get a degree at Creighton University. She was Hopwood's dream girl, but he figured, totally unattainable. Metzner had her eye on Hopwood as well—tall and handsome with a very sense of humor.

"I had a crush on him, but I didn't tell him. He made me nervous," remembers Metzner, gently



down in your racket, not to return until everyone you know is out."

Prison life all blurred together for Hopwood—the cigarette smoke and yellow lighting, men playing cards and dominoes in the day room, the cursing and fighting, lifting weights at 6:30 a.m., the bordello, the Friday-night nachos, the phone calls monitored, every letter read, visitors violations videotaped—and always, the ever-present danger.

He can still recall, too, the outrage that consumed him when he watched in horror as many of his fellow prisoners cheered when the towers fell on 9/11. "They were glad that the federal government was getting attacked, because it was the government that put them in jail."

Heartbreaking news from the front also came a-calling. One month after the electronic doors closed behind him, Hopwood learned from his brother Brett, who was then settling into another prison for his role in the Pilger heist, that someone had painted over the "Welcome to David City" sign to read: "Home of the Hopwood Crime Family."

Much later, the year before his release, he'd get a call from his mother that his father had died. He was not allowed to attend the funeral.

**T**hank God for the letters. Each one was "like a tiny pardon, a temporary reprieve from my day-to-day surroundings," Hopwood writes. They poured in from family

poking her husband during a recent interview at their Burke Gilman Gardens apartment. "I ran into his mother one day," she goes on. "She told me about the arrests and that he'd been in prison for two years. I got his address and started to write him."

Hopwood couldn't believe his luck, so long had he been smitten by her.

They wrote hundreds of long, thoughtful letters to each other. He could only sleep 20 at a time in his cell. If he didn't sleep them alone, the guards would drown them.

For years, Metzner battled anorexia. She says she was hospitalized three times in high school. At one point, in her 20s, she weighed little more than 60 pounds. In 2001 she was treated at Mirasol, an eating-disorder clinic in Sedona, Arizona. After heading home, her condition vastly improved, she wrote to Hopwood and told him she wanted to come to Pekin for a visit.

"It was the day after Thanksgiving that year. The Cornhuskers were playing Colorado for a shot at the national title when they called me to the visiting room," remembers Hopwood. "It was the last game of his life that I'd eat a Cornhusker game in the middle of the stadium, but excited. I hadn't seen her in eight years."

"So I walked right up to her and kissed her on the mouth. I didn't have anything to lose. I was in prison. We visited for hours that Friday."

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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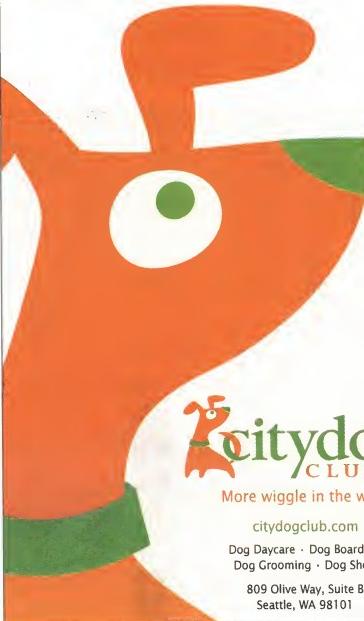
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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

» FROM PAGE 16

It wasn't awkward at all. We'd sit in silence, and that was OK. I did notice that she had an engagement ring, but when she came back on Saturday, the ring was gone. That day I told Annie, I said, 'When I get out, and if you get healthy, I'll marry you.' And I meant it."

With a smile, Hopwood confides, "I still remember the smirk on the guard's faces. They were so jealous. One of the guards, I'm sure, probably had to pay for dates, and here was this beautiful woman."

For Metzner, the thought of waiting another nine years for Hopwood's freedom was daunting. She talked about moving to Pekin, leaving her job as an animal-food researcher and putting out the 550-page catalog for KV Supply, her father's pet-supply company in David City. "I started to feel guilty," says Hopwood. So I started to push her: 'I'd get you a cabin on prison wine and then I'd call her and tell her about an ex-girlfriend of mine.'

"I was devastated, and started dating others," says Metzner.

They eventually broke off their romantic relationship, but remained friends. They continued to write and call each other. There was a bond that could not be broken. When Hopwood's father died, she came to visit. "And I knew then that was it," says Hopwood, tearing up. "She was going to be my wife."

She hoppon was glad to get out of the kitchen. It is the most dangerous area in Pekin, he says, because there are places there that the guards can't monitor. Checking out books to fellow inmates in the law library was huge relief. From the outset, it naged at Hopwood that his 12-year, three-month sentence was excessive. "It was a long sentence—either for someone never in trouble before?"

Like the other prisoners, Hopwood took a hard, long look at the case of *Apprendi v. New Jersey*, in which the Supreme Court ruled on June 26, 2000, that judges were wrong to hand down harsher sentences based on facts not proven to a jury or confessed in court. The case lit a fire under Hopwood. Maybe he could get his sentenced reduced, he thought, even by just a year or two. He wasn't the only one harboring such dreams. Almost overnight, 40 to 50 Pekin inmates began to come to the law library, not just the usual handful.

"That gave us all a new hope," recalls Hopwood.

Hopwood began to soak up case law like a sponge. He'd spend hours poring over books like *Federal Habeas Corpus Practice and Procedure*. "I probably read over 4,000 legal opinions while in prison," he says. Prisoners turned to him for legal advice, to write briefs on their behalf, to figure out legal strategies to have their sentences reduced. He started to think of the guys in orange jumpsuits as clients.

Hopwood eventually concluded that the *Apprendi* ruling didn't apply to his case. His campaign for an early release came up short. But what he gained was much more valuable. At last he'd found his calling. He was on his way

to becoming one of the best jailhouse lawyers around: "It was the first time in my life that I had any academic success."

In 2002, fellow Nebraskan John Fellers sought Hopwood's help. An easygoing man with a ready smile, Fellers, who'd been a used-car dealer in Lincoln, was trying to do some looking at a dozen years for trafficking in methamphetamine. Police told him he'd been indicted by a grand jury, and Fellers—who by that time was clean and had no drugs in his possession—mentioned his past involvement with drugs. He never realized his statements would be taken as a confession.

"I felt bad for him," Hopwood wrote in *Law Man*, "because I knew a rich guy with a high-level

Seth Waxman and Hopwood



lawyer would be out on his boat right now, not in prison." Early in 2003, after mastering the case, he filed a petition, known as a writ of certiorari, to the Supreme Court, arguing that Fellers had not been read his Miranda rights after being notified of the indictment. That year, the nation's highest court received more than 7,200 petitions from prisoners—and agreed to review just eight of them. One was *Fellers v. United States*. For any lawyer, this is the equivalent of pitching a no-hitter.

On the morning of March 12, Hopwood was on his way to the iron pile to work some weights

when someone, he remembers, came running across the yard yelling, "Shon, you're going to die!" The inmate had a copy of *USA Today*, and the story read: "Justices said Monday that they will review an appeal from a man who claims he was tricked into talking to

officers. John J. Fellers' case provides an unlikely test of the landmark 1966 *Miranda* ruling . . ."

"I knew this was something that would change my life forever," says Hopwood. "Something like this is the pinnacle of a lawyer's career. I couldn't walk across the yard without someone saying 'There goes my law man.'"

Hopwood called home that night. His dad answered. "Congratulations, Ma! Famous!" he said. "Shon was amazing," Fellers says in a phone conversation from the car dealership he returned to in Lincoln after his sentence was cut by almost four years. "He could read very complicated case law and completely understand it."

Fellers reached out to Seth Waxman, who Hopwood knew had argued more than 50 cases in the Supreme Court. "Yes, he called me and said his petition had been granted and asked if I was interested in representing him," Waxman recalled

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last month from his law office in Washington, D.C. "I said let me read it first. And when I did, I got back in touch with him and told him it was one of the best documents I'd ever seen— that it was such a great position that he didn't need me. Then I said I'd do it for free—but only if Shon was involved."

Says Hopwood: "Most lawyers would have said 'Yeah, nice brief, but we'll take it from here.' But Seth made part of the team. They even had a nickname for me: 'Shon's counsel'."

"It was January 26, 2004, when a guard told me I had a call. I was nervous. You never get a call unless it was a death in the family or something. It was Seth, and he said, 'The Supreme Court ruled in our favor, 9-0. Thank you.'"

**S**hon Hopwood walked out of Pekin federal prison in October 2008—two years early. That first night he had steak and shrimp with his brother at an Old Chicago in Omaha. He spent the next six months in a halfway house in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The adjustment was hard. His days were filled with high anxiety from stress. He says he ended up being "locked out" one day when he saw how many packs of gum he could choose from at a convenience store.

Two weeks after he left the halfway house, on April 9, 2009, Hopwood proposed to Annie Metzner. Their son Mark was born on Christmas Day that year. Gracie arrived two years later. John Fellers, meanwhile, presented him with a new Mercedes, his way of saying thanks. Hopwood went back to college and received a B.S. from Bellevue University in Nebraska.

In their apartment near Children's Hospital, Shon and Annie sit together on the couch. Above their heads hangs a framed photograph, taken a couple of years ago, of them standing in front of the Supreme Court building. She has just returned from dropping off the children at preschool, and she looks very happy. He beans when she walks in from the kitchen with a mug of coffee. They chat about the lovely kids they took the day before at Granite Falls. The living room is strewn with their plastic pots and pans that go with Gracie's toy oven.

"We had our problems," he says. "It's one thing handling things with men in prison, and another handling things with a sensitive woman." His eyes welling now with tears, Hopwood continues, "The first thing that goes in prison is empathy, and it's the hardest thing to get back. They hold you for 10 years and they give you nothing. You come out and you don't even know how to work a cell phone."

Hopwood turns quiet and his wife reaches for his arm. "My story no longer seems real, nor was my time in prison. My purpose now in life, I think, is to try and reform the criminal-justice system and change people's perceptions about prisoners. Most of the inmates I saw were redeemable. They just need a little assistance."

This August, Judge Kopf, her attorney, that Hopwood had been released with Judge Rogers was less enthusiastic on his behalf. "When I sent him to prison, I would have bet the farm and all the animals that Hopwood would fail as a productive citizen when he finally got out of prison. My gut told me that Hopwood was a punk—all mouth and very little else."

"My viscera was wrong," he went on. "Hopwood proves my sentencing instincts sick."

Says Hopwood: "That was amazing to hear about. You know, I've never said I didn't deserve to be punished. I did. I committed a very serious crime. And now I'm getting an amazing second chance. I feel so blessed." ■

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# food & drink

## Hip to Shore

Westward does a lot right with its Mediterranean-inflected seafood menu, even as it tries to do a little too much on the plate.

We drive along Northlake Way, winding around the quiet north end of Lake Union, then brake suddenly in front of a mud-brown wooden cottage-like structure. A not-too-obvious sign indicates that this is indeed Westward. Out front, despite the cooler September air, people are dining on tables by the pier or sipping cocktails in Adirondack chairs beside a fire blazing in a pit fashioned out of oyster shells. I immediately get a good vibe. Wedged between the Seattle Marina and Sky Launch boat storage, Josh Henderson's new seafood restaurant, which we previewed this summer, feels integral to the lake—not like the hulking special-occasion restaurants plopped garishly on an expanse of waterfront. It helps that it has a 150-foot dock, so that boaters can stop in to the restaurant's accompanying grocery and oyster bar, Little Gull, to grab an oyster knife, a blanket, a charcuterie plate, or some oysters. This place belongs.

Inside it's restrained, modern nautical chic, and I dig. Big wooden beams, weathering pilings separated by another row of red and tan sailboat masts hang from high ceilings; gold-framed oil paintings of ships in blustery seas and weathered sea captains line the walls. Fresh white paint throughout, as well as petite brown-leather-backed bar stools resembling boat seats, give it a classic ocean feel. I appreciate the break from the *de rigueur* cold alliance of steel/concrete/wood that we've come to expect from our favorite restaurants. I also appreciate that while Westward is designed to beckon diners with its proximity to the lake, even the views are understated. Most every table gets to see some water, but there's no sweeping view a la Aquila, which hopefully means you won't find yourself dining next to wedding parties or large corporate gatherings.

The food, like the design, steers clear of pomp: no rich, unctuous sauces or special occasion surf-&turf combos. I don't eat caviar here, though there are some interesting "high-end" specials, like a smoked-trout caviar with crème fraîche at \$23 an ounce (though from Brooklyn, mind you). It's a very mild-flavored caviar, but one that really speaks



PHOTO BY JEFF CLARKSON FOR SEATTLE WEEKLY

Chill out (or warm up) by the firepit on the lake.



Grilled halloumi cheese.

PHOTO BY JEFF CLARKSON FOR SEATTLE WEEKLY

of the trout. So mild, in fact, that serving it with potato chips seasoned with an Old Bay-like concoction seems an unfitting choice. Not only do the chips overpower it, but it's hard to cut tiny trout fish eggs on an incongruously shaped chip. A simple flat cracker would have worked better.

The pairing of expertly prepared dishes with accompaniments do them justice, in fact. I'm not entirely sure where they're going with their menu theme throughout my two dinners here. Clearly, Westward has chosen a Mediterranean-influenced menu—the wherewhole of chef Zoi Antonitis, formerly of Madison Park Conservatory. And when it works, it works beautifully, as in the halloumi cheese, served in big chunks rather than the usual

thin, flat slices, accented with bite-size pieces of ripe watermelon and mint and fired up with urfa biber chili. Or a Moroccan fish stew, with a generous piece of rockfish, plump mussels, and cauliflower in a piquant, exotic broth flavored with ras el hanout, a North African spice mix traditionally including, among others, cinnamon, saffron, peppers, ginger, and cardamom. It's my favorite dish here—plus—that and the house Oregon lamb shoulder is one of a handful of non-seafood options that proves to be fork-tender and is complemented with a tangy tzatziki sauce and an herb salad of parsley, mint, dill, and red onion so good that I made a batch at home.

But other dishes don't come together as harmoniously; the Mediterranean elements often seemingly haphazard, garnish-like rather than cohesive additions. The gravlox, though good, got a little

**» CONTINUED ON PAGE 22**



## FoodNews

BY SARA BILLUPS

Former Art of the Table sous chef Derek Ronquillo is set to launch nose-to-tail eatery Le Petit Cochon in Fremont today. In the former Showa space, it will feature a pork-centric menu paired with seasonal produce. Check Facebook for updates.

Ethan Stowell's latest restaurant, mkt., is open in the historic Keystone building in Tanglewood. Chefs Joe Ritchie and Monica Dimes showcase contemporary American fare with Northwest flourishes.

The Northwest Sea Festival happens this weekend, at Seattle Center's Fisher Pavilion, featuring tastings, classes, and samples. Preregister at nwseafestival.com.

Renee Erickson's Barnacle, the much-anticipated aperitivo bar adjacent to The Walrus and the Carpenter, is now open. The menu includes cold plates like octopus terrine and serrano ham, as well as wines, aperitifs, and digestifs. food@seattleweekly.com

## Temperature Check

BY JULIA CARRIGAN, BAR OPERATIONS MANAGER FOR STONEHENGE, BACCHUS, MACROS, POOTER, AND VON TRAPP'S



HOT

**Daiquiris:** This drink may have been banished for years, but is back on everyone's radar. What is there not to love about a drink with so many variations? Although none are as good as the original rum, lime, and sugar, Why are the easiest drinks the hardest to get right?



LUKEWARM

**Mac 'n' cheese:** My kids eat it twice a day, and I'm just a little tired of making it.



FREEZER BURNED

**It's a tie between sweet drinks & Jägermeister:** There is someone out there making sweet cocktails, and they'll put the panic mode. I can't tell you how many times a night a guest asks with great concern, "Is it super-sweet?" Fireball is crushing Jäger, although I know a local master sommelier who would disagree.

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## food & drink » Westward

» FROM PAGE 21

lost among its many delicious partners, including a beer purée blended down to caviar-like beads and a creamy labneh (a delicate, mellow kind of Greek yogurt) topped with spicy Mediterranean za'atar seeds. It's a trend I noticed all summer in fashionable restaurants: the desire to get as many tastes—particularly seasonal ones—onto a plate, sometimes at the expense of what's supposed to be highlighted.

Likewise the grilled mackerel, of which my first few were formidable—until I hit the raw center. Mackerel is often served as sashimi at Japanese restaurants, but it's not a fish designed to be undercooked. Our waiter whisked it away, said "We never make the same mistake twice," and brought back a properly cooked one within 10 minutes, during which time we munched on our tarty radishes with sea salt, parsley, and a goat-cheese dipping sauce.

They held true to their promise; this time the mackerel was cooked just right—and its slightly oily, fishy flesh was paired with a sizable smear of charred, smoky eggplant. But the abundance of tahini on the side was a throwaway, its aggressive tang dulled it out with the strong-flavored fish.

The whole branzino—we had the option to fillet it ourselves, which we did—was cooked faultlessly, but the decision to serve it with a side of avgolemono was a questionable one. A citrusy, lemon-flavored soup that we were asked to light a balsamico if we wanted to eat it with our mouthful and didn't overpower the meat of its mild, white flesh. But it may have been just a tad too quiet. I appreciated the inclination to not overwhelm such a fish, but would have liked something that enlivened it a bit more. (What I did appreciate: the price point of a whole branzino at \$28; the fish tends to be in the \$30-and-up category.)

**Westward** is doing something different with its menu. Our waiter tells us it's designed for "feasting and sharing," which means you won't find conventional categories like appetizers and entrees. Instead, you're supposed to tell the waiter how hungry you are and let him customize your choices accordingly. Potentially awkward, the interaction was made easy by a waitress that on both visits was earnest, attentive, and refreshingly comfortable expressing an opinion (one steward I saw was a "Dad Boot Octopus Bolognese" because "it's not my favorite; the octopus is just ground into the sauce").

On our first visit, we followed the suggestion begin with a plate of raw oysters. The four available varieties that night—Kushii, Kumamoto, Blue Pools, and Hama Haman—all according to our waiter, had a cucumber-lemon finish (I guess oysters get lime bingo now). My six were cold, slightly sweet, and good enough to skip the pink-peppercorn vinaigrette. The Blue Pools (from the Hood Canal), in particular, were small but meaty and sharp on the tongue; I wish I'd ordered just them. (David Leek, of Taylor Shellfish fame, is the oyster manager and promises that come October they'll have 12 "cream of the crop" types to choose from; among them Virginia and Olympics.)

Following the oysters, our waiter led us down a path of clean and light gravlox over fried squash blossoms or potatoes cooked in the fire, the branzino over the fish stew. We went with it, but as the dishes came out, my friend and I both remarked that the recommendation was counterintuitive.



David Leek  
at the oyster bar.

Everything we'd ordered was fresh and; something with a little grease or fat would have been a more fitting counterpart. On our next visit, we took control and made sure to try the oyster roll (a twist on the East Coast lobster roll, served on a hot dog bun but with tiny fried pickles) and the bacon-gorgonzola beans cooked in a tomato-and-cheddar base that had just the right amount of oiliness. Those small plates would definitely have made a great百姓 to the simply cooked branzino and raw oysters.

The drink menu here also endeavors to be unique. The wines herald from all over the world (even Greece), but I was surprised to find only one Washington red and white. I turned instead to the cocktail menu, which is particularly interesting for its titration: "Cocktails," "Lighter Cocktails/Aperitifs," "Beer Cocktails," and "Seasonal Cocktails." I chose a seasonal, the Picnic Basket, made with watermelon gin, strega, and spice bitters. My friend got the Nor-West: whiskey, foresty liqueur, and cocoa bitters. These folks know how to make a stiff drink that even my sea dog of a grandfather would approve. All the "craft" cocktails condiments are there, but they're not mucking up the spirit itself.

Desser, as it admittedly so often does for me, deserved a look. A chocolate olive-oil cake was mandatory, but a chocolate-chocolate cake was on the oven's shiny slab, especially with the jaringly large grains of sea salt on top. The only sweetener on the plate was the bedded cherries, which, like a kid, I eagerly devoured. Likewise, the loukoumades (Greek donuts akin to zeppoles) were dry, sweetened with too little of a tasty roasted-plum compote. Instead I indulged my sweet tooth with the "Lighter Cocktails/Aperitifs": Dolin Extra-Dry & Rose vermouth and orange. It was one of many good choices at a restaurant that's shaping up to be one of Seattle's seafood standouts. ■

[nspinkle@seattleweekly.com](mailto:nspinkle@seattleweekly.com)

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## Wine Picks for Fall Foods

BY ZACH GEBALLE

**W**ith the oh-so-apparent seasonal change comes a change, too, in what fills our wine glasses: Rosés and lighter-bodied white wines are on their way out, while the winter powerhouses are still a few months and a dozen degrees away. That opens the door to a whole range of wines that are often neglected: lighter-bodied reds and full-bodied whites. Not coincidentally, they happen to pair perfectly with fall's most notable foods. Here, four ingredients and the wines that'll bring them fully to life:

In Washington, fall is first and foremost apple season, and fortunately apples have several natural wine pairings. Rieslings, especially those from Germany, are the apple's best companion. With their intense green-apple notes and brisk acidity, they're ideal for almost any apple preparation. That said, if you're using a cooking apple and not a dessert apple (see [www.vinovous.com](http://www.vinovous.com) for information on this season's apples), or are roasting or poaching them, I'd encourage you to look more locally: The Erica riesling from Chateau St. Michelle is one of the state's best year in and year out, offering a bit more generous fruit while preserving that core of acidity that makes riesling such a good food wine.

Autumn also always makes me think of squash, the hard and soft varieties. From butternut to my personal favorite, delicata, there are so many wonderful ones to choose from. Many have a rich, nutty, slightly sweet

Red wines can complement squash well too. My first choice: Spanish Rioja. Their rustic earthiness and tannic heft, and slight nuttiness from the way they're aged, will help balance the squash's rich creaminess. If you can find a Reserva-level version, you should be dandy. Several local producers are experimenting with tempranillo (the primary grape in Rioja), and while it may take some time until they can match the quality of classic Spanish wines, the grape does seem well-suited for eastern Washington.

With the return of fall come the sprouting of many glorious wild mushrooms, first among them the King Bolete, or porcini mushroom. Seared, grilled, or sautéed, it has a wonderfully powerful meaty flavor that cries out for a pinot noir. While the communes of Burgundy



Full-bodied whites work wonders with squash.

COURTESY OF STUDIO BY KENDALL; TOP BY KAREN ANDERSON/SHOOTER

**With the return of fall rain comes the King Bolete, or porcini mushroom. Seared, grilled, or sautéed, it has a wonderfully powerful meaty flavor that cries out for a pinot noir.**

character that can be a bit tricky to pair with wines. If you can get your hands on a nice bottle of Chateau St. Michelle's Reserve Rioja or Meunier or Pujols Monastrell or a local version like the Abeja, the slight bitterness and citric zing will do wonders with that squash. If you can find a slightly older vintage of these, like a 2009 or 2010, even better.

are renowned for their pinots, I'd encourage you to explore those of Oregon's Willamette Valley. While they may not match Burgundy's intense earthy aromas, they still often have a nice hint of mushrooms, dried leaves, and woodsmoke coupled with slightly more generous fruit tones. In Oregon's Dundee Hills, Domaine Duhruin makes inimitably elegant and complex wines, while at a lower price point I'd recommend A to to Wineworks' pinot.

Fall is also the season to move meats from the grill to the oven (if not all the way into the slow-cooker). One of my favorite dishes in this vein is extremely simple—just roasted chicken with root vegetables like turnips, carrots, or potatoes. Chicken is both easy and challenging to pair: Because it's not very fatty, it needs a wine without much in the way of tannins, but it's relatively versatile after that. I'd recommend a mourvèdre, which is classically a grape of the southern Rhône Valley and Provence but has also found a willing home here in Washington. In particular, McCrea Cellars' mourvèdre is a spicy, earthy treat, though the tannins will enhance the chicken, not overpower it.

Are these fall foods you'd like to help pairing? Questions, comments, criticisms, and even compliments can be directed to the address below, or follow me on Twitter @zgeballe.

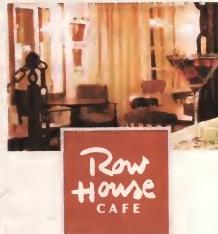
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WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 2 TRIPLE DOOR, 7PM & 9:30PM

**John Scofield's Überjam**

The world's new greatest funk band, now boasting Andy Newmark, guitarist and sample ace. An Badaboom! drums, and Latin Cafe, fresh from their latest studio album. A veteran of bands going back to Chet Baker, Gerry Mulligan, and Miles Davis, Scofield is an evolving jazz-rock icon. \$25 advance, \$30 day of show, \$35 VIP.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 3

**La Familia Valera Miranda**

A special Seattle residency by this family of musicians from Santiago de Cuba, in the Oriente region. Father, Luisito, was a master of the Cuban son, and has now defined caionto son, the mid-tempo son of the Cuban son style, by its easygoing, rhythmic swing. \$30 general/\$28 members & seniors/\$11 students. (Welcomed by Seattle Latino Film Festival.)

SATURDAY OCTOBER 3 BELLSEY BALL NORDSTROM RECITAL HALL AT BENAROYA, 7:30PM

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SUNDAY OCTOBER 4 TRIPLE DOOR, 7:30PM

**Vinicius Cantuária**

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SUNDAY OCTOBER 4 BENAROYA HALL, 8PM CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**Joh Holsenbeck Claudio Quintet**

The percussive's game-defining return to Seattle with driving rhythms, quirky melodies, and stunning virtuosity. Creating its instantly recognizable sound are bassist Drew Gress, saxophonist Chris Speed, vibraphonist Matt Moran, and accordionist Red Wiernica. \$30 general/\$15 members & seniors/\$11 students. (Presented by Cornish College of the Arts.)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 8 EDMONDS-WOODWAY HIGH SCHOOL, 7:30PM

**Edmonds-Woodway High School Jazz Band w/ Cuong Vu Trio**

One of the most popular bands selected this year for the annual prestigious Essentially Ellington Competition at Lincoln Center, New York. Directed by Jake Bergman, and performing with the trio of Cuong Vu, one of the great trumpeters in today's jazz. \$12. (Presented by Edmonds-Woodway High School Music Boosters.)

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 9 LANGSTON HUGHES PERFORMING ARTS INSTITUTE, 8PM

**Yosvany Terry Quintet**

Harlem-based Cuban saxophonist adds both the grittiness and the immediacy, in a sonic mix of African-Cuban polyphony and sophisticated jazz. With Michael Abbs, piano; Omayra Perdomo, piano, Juan Carlos Bass, and Clarence Penn, drums. \$32 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 10 BENAROYA HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**Ken Vandermark & nose Wooley**

World-renowned Chicago, and 1999 MacArthur Fellow, performs improved works with trumpeter Nasir Woddy of the boisterous Brooklyn improv scene. *Free* masterclass, BENAROYA Concert Hall, noon. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$11 students.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 12 BENAROYA HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**Dave Douglas & The Westerlies**

Another "Jazz That'll Be Still Playing" show! The result of the ever-expanding transplants delivers transporting, lyrical, and hand-swinging jazz renditions of modern jazz, plus new. Jon Irabagon, saxophone; Matt Mitchell, piano; Linda Oh, bass; Rudy Royston, drums. Also on the bill: The Westerlies, a new brass quartet for the ages! (see Royal Room series box, October 11). \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students.

## JAZZ @ NORTHWEST FILM FORUM

Northwest Film Forum and the Earshot Jazz Festival present their annual film program celebrating the history, sounds, and spirit of jazz and their intersections with cinema. Visit [www.nwfilmforum.org](http://www.nwfilmforum.org) for tickets and info.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 13 PUNCH CONCERT HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**Chris Speed, Dave King & Chris Tordini Trio / Bad Luck**

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SUNDAY OCTOBER 13 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

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**Mehlana: Brad Mehldau & Matt Guilia**

Mehlana, one of the greatest of modern jazz pianists, debuts this piano-less duos, extending his range to Rhodes and a battery of synthesizers with one of the most exciting young drummers the scene has to offer. \$25 advance, \$37 day of show.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 17 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**Dafnis Prieto Si o Si**

The Cuban pianist's bold, rhythmic, and imaginative career has a 2011 National Endowment for the Arts "genius" award. This New York quartet features Peter Apfelbaum, solo Robert Glasper, piano, and Jason Webleymuller, bass. *Free* masterclass, PONCHO Hall, 12:30pm, \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 18 ILLSLEY BALL NORDSTROM RECITAL HALL AT BENAROYA, 7:30PM

**Roosevelt High School Jazz Band**

Fresh from its third-place victory at the Essentially Ellington competition at Lincoln Center, New York. \$24 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 19 BENAROYA HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**EARSHOT JAZZ @ TULA'S**

The festival rolls into Seattle's favorite jazz club. Music at 7:30pm. Cover. \$16 general/\$14 members & seniors/students.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20 BENAROYA HALL, CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

**TUE, 10/1 - INDUSTRIAL REVELATION**

Hard-hitting post-heat w/ D'Vone Lewis, Evan Flory-Barnes, Alan Ochoa, & Job Rawlings.

THU, 10/3 - BILL RAMSAY TRIBUTE

Featuring Northwest legend saxophonist Bill Ramsay with his sextet and guest artists.

FRI, 10/4 - TRUMPET MADNESS

Three generations of jazz trumpet w/ Willie Thomas, Joy Thomas, and young Seattle players.

FRI, 10/18 & SAT, 10/19 - GEORGE COLLIGAN ORGAN TRIO

Internationally-known Portland keyboardist holds down Seattle's "fearless jazz hang."

FRI, 11/1 - MARE SEALE'S GROUP

Seattle's hippest and most elegant jazz ensemble celebrates a new CD.

SAT, 11/2 - JON PUGH QUARTET

Saxophorn & guitar w/ Seattle legends Bill Ainschell, Chuck Deardorff, and Mark Ivester.

SUN, 11/17 - MC TUFF

Closing night with a classic Hammond organ group as tough as its name implies.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 18 BENAROYA HALL, GRAND LOBBY, 10PM

[untitled] series

Seattle pianist and the Steve Lehman trio perform *Cat* (Nine Tails and other cutting-edge works by Lehman, John Zorn, and others). \$20/Presented in partnership with Northwest Music.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 19 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

**John Medeski**

Renowned for the considerable legacy of Medeski Martin & Wood, the keyboardist demonstrates virtuosity and vast range on solo grand piano. \$28 general/\$26 members & seniors/\$14 students/\$45 VIP.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20 TRIPLE DOOR, 7PM & 9:30PM

**The Bad Plus**

As bad as highbow gets, a rollicking and thought-provoking good time with the acclaimed Reid Anderson (bass), Ethan Iverson (piano), and David King (drums), who always stay ahead of the conventional piano trio to the very edges of avante-garde. \$25 general/\$22 members & seniors/\$12 students.

Schedule subject to change. Check [www.earshot.org](http://www.earshot.org) for updates.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

## Philip Glass

A cultural and artistic giant, Glass is an iconoclast of contemporary composition – operas, symphonies, and much else. He returns to KPC for a rare solo piano performance. \$75 (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center)



TUESDAY OCTOBER 22 LILLEY & HALL NORDSTROM RECITAL HALL AT BENAROYA, 8PM

## SFJazz Collective

The SFJazz Collective is one of the most spectacular all-star ensemble in jazz, with Miguel Zenon, David Sanchez, Wayne Shorter, Avishai Cohen, Robin Eubanks, Edward Simon, Matt Penman, and Obed Calvillo. \$26 general/\$22 members & seniors/\$14 students



THURSDAY OCTOBER 24 8PM KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 7:30PM

## Seattle Women's Jazz Orchestra w/ Ingrid Jensen

Brimful trumpet player Ingrid Jensen joins this all-star big band in a program that includes the world premiere by the winner of its jazz-composition contest for women. \$22 general (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center)



## EARSHOT JAZZ @ SAM

Through October and into November at Seattle's newest and hippest project room – Bpm. Pricing: general/members & seniors/students.

FRI, 10/4 – DAYNA STEPHENS TRIO w/ JUSTIN BROWN & BEN STREET

An intensely original saxophonist with top New York credentials. \$16/16\*

FRI, 10/11 – THE WESTELLES PLAY HORVITZ / THE ROYAL COLLECTIVE MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Having taken New York by storm, these two original projects now charm Seattle. \$18/16\*

FRI, 10/18 – PEGGY LEE, SKERIK, WAYNE HORVITZ AND STEVE LEHMAN TRIO

Lehman's standing at the jazz Vanguard is affirmed with Matt Besser and Tamion Reid. A premiere of an exciting new ensemble performing all new repertoire. Lehman's trio plays first. \$18/16\*

FRI, 10/25 – STEVE TRESLER GROUP FEATURING INGRID JENSEN

The compelling Seattle saxophonist celebrates a new CD release with renowned trumpeter Ingrid Jensen. \$16/16\*

FRI, 11/1 – BRIAN HAAS & SCOTT AMENDOLA / CHEMICAL CLOCK

Keyboards from Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey join up with the West Coast's most inventive drummer. Seattle's Chemical Clock opens. \$16/14\*

WED, 11/13 – PIANO STARTS HERE: THE MUSIC OF BUD POWELL

Four of Seattle's brightest celebrate one of the true giants of jazz piano. Bud Powell. \$12/10\*

FRI, 11/15 – INDUSTRIAL REVELATION / OVERTON BERRY

Seattle's deep jazz lineage from Local 493 to tomorrow (with History Links). \$12/10\*

THURSDAY OCTOBER 24 CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE, 8PM

## Syrinx Effect / Naomi Siegel Quartet

In two of the most innovative groups on Seattle's new forward-thinking jazz scene, trombonist Naomi Siegel appears with outstanding soprano saxophonist Kate Olson, and her quartet. \$15 sliding scale



FRIDAY OCTOBER 25 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

## Nicole Mitchell / Ice Crystal Quartet

Mitchell, "the most important jazz flute of her generation" (All About Jazz), draws gospel, African percussion, and avant-garde elements into a thrilling extension of jazz. With Jason Adasiewicz, Jason Abrahams (bassoon) and Frank Rosaly (drums). \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students



FRIDAY OCTOBER 25

## Barbara Barber

"The conspicuously literate and relentlessly inventive" (The New Yorker) singer-pianist is a distinctive social observer and gifted musician who turned from classical to jazz. Her sparkling trio includes bassist Patrick Mulcahy and drummer Ross Pederson. \$13 general/\$10 members & seniors/\$11 students



SATURDAY OCTOBER 26 CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE, 8PM

## Beth Fleener Workshop Ensemble / B'shonkresta

The Seattle scene, clarinetist Beth Fleener and trumpeter Samantha Boshnak, showcase their work for large ensembles in one of the city's finest concert rooms. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students



SUNDAY OCTOBER 27 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

## Lucian Ban & Mat Maneri

Classically trained in Romania, pianist Lucian Ban is increasingly recognized for his modernist jazz. He teams with the stellar violinist Mat Maneri on the new ECM release, *Translational Concert*. \$16 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students



THURSDAY OCTOBER 31 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

## Darcy Jones Argue & Cornish Contemporary Big Band

Argue, a multi-instrumentalist, composer, pianist, and bandleader, part Radiahead, part Steve Reich, and fully his own, directs Cornish's own band. \$26 general/\$15 members & seniors/\$10 students (Presented by Cornish College of the Arts.)



FRIDAY NOV. 1 SATURDAY NOV. 2 SUNDAY NOV. 3 TRIPLE DOOR, 7PM & 9:30PM

## Manhattan Transfer

The Manhattan Transfer remains at the forefront of harmony vocal quartets. With sales in the millions, Grammys by the dozen, and sold-out world tours, they prove an uncanny knack for being ahead of the pack. \$75 advance, \$40 day-of, \$50 VIP, 9:30pm; \$35 advance, \$35 day-of, \$40 VIP



FRIDAY NOVEMBER 1 JONES PLAYHOUSE / HEATER, 8W, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell w/ Cuong Vu & Robin Holcomb

Seattle's Bill Frisell and Cuong Vu, the two most prominent guitarists in jazz today, meet at the intersection of jazz, country, and pop all processed through his inimitable personal style. He presents five groups in four concerts, beginning with this collaboration with two other renowned Seattleites: stellar trumpeter Cuong Vu, and vocalist/producer Robin Holcomb.

\$20 general, \$12 students/seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)



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SATURDAY NOVEMBER 2 CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE, 8PM

## Paul Kikuchi's Bat of No Bird Island

The Seattle-based percussionist presents the premiere of his song cycle for chamber jazz ensemble, inspired by the memoir of his great grandfather, Zenkihi Kikuchi, a 1901 Japanese immigrant. Wah Sung Dempster, Bill Horist, Tan Nelson-Zager, Evinig Kung, and Maria Scherer Wilson. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/students (An *Osmose* co-production. Supported by Chamber Music America.)



SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 7:30PM

## Seattle Repertory Jazz Orchestra: Take Five

The all-star big band pays tribute to pioneering pianist and composer Duke Ellington, whose *Take Five* is best-selling jazz hit of all time. \$44 adult, \$40 senior, \$15 youth (Presented by Seattle Repertory Jazz Orchestra.)



SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3 JONES PLAYHOUSE / HEATER, 8W, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell w/ Ted Poor & Luke Bergman

Bill Frisell calls himself the bassist of the New York City indie-jazz scene. Luke Poor is well-known for his work in the music of the more extreme side of the blues. All three now on the UW jazz faculty. \$10 general/\$12 students & seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)



SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

## Kora Band

Drawing well-deserved attention far from its Portland/Seattle roots, this ensemble combines elements of West African music – pianist Andrew Oliver, kora player Kane Mathis, drummer Mark DiFlorio, trumpeter Chad McCullough, and bassist Bradill Kish. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/students



WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6 TRIPLE DOOR, 8PM

## Garfield High School Jazz Band

The regional perennial powerhouse of high school jazz, under the baton of its long-serving, multi-awarded-wining director, Christopher Johnson, shows what it seems to carry the very spirit of Seattle's remarkable jazz continuum. \$16 general/\$14 members & seniors/students



WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 7:30PM

## Omar Sosa Afri-Lectric Sextet

The Cuban composer and pianist fuses global elements with jazz and Afro-Cuban spiritualism to create a captivating, sound. \$38 (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center.)



THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE, 8PM

## Kneebody

A "resounding underground band" (New York) melds urban genres, from electro-pop to funk and deep into its own signature sound. Keyboards Adam Benjamin, trumpet Sean Endsey, tenor saxophone Ben Wendel, bassist Kaveh Rastegar, and drummer Nate Wood. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/students



FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8 JONES PLAYHOUSE JAZZ @ SAM

Our monthly Seattle showcase continues in the Seattle Art Museum lobby during the festival – 5:30pm, free!



THU, OCTOBER 10 – KAREEM KANDI GROUP

The savvy south-Sound receptionists show us stuff in Seattle.



THU, NOVEMBER 14 – BILL ANSCHELL QUARTET

Sublime piano jazz ensemble with Peruvian overtones.



SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9 JONES PLAYHOUSE THEATER, 8W, 7:30PM

## Dave Douglas w/ The Cuong Vu Trio & University of Washington Jazz Students

A rare opportunity to hear some of the most talented jazz trumpeters perform together – here with Douglas and his students. \$12 students/seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)



SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10 MEANY HALL, 8W, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell's Big Sur Quintet / Jim Woodring, Evinig Kung, featuring Bill Frisell

After Evinig Kung and cartoonist Jim Woodring join him in an opening performance, Bill Frisell presents the Seattle premiere of his Big Sur Quintet, as riveting a band as any working today – joining the guitarist Jerry Schenck on violin, Evinig Kung on viola, Hank Roberts on cello, and Ray Royston on drums. \$12 general/\$10 members & seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)



WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 14 EMP MUSEUM, LEVEL 3, 8PM

## 100 Years of Jazz

A supergroup packed with stars from recent *Seattle Jazz Competition* who have redefined the Seattle jazz scene. The exciting pianist Gerald Clayton joins bassist Ben Williams, saxophonist Logan Richardson, guitarist Matthew Stevens, and drum master Jamie Williams. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$11 students (In collaboration with *Jazz Icons Among Us: Jazz in the Present Tense*, with support from The Argus Foundation.)



WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 14 TOWN HALL SEATTLE, 8PM

## Charles Lloyd and Friends w/ Bill Frisell

The venerable saxophonist has performed breathtaking concerts here in Seattle and around the globe, and is one of the legends of modern jazz. He has been a favorite of audiences in jazz. This promises to be a blindfold to Earshot 25, as the favorite guitarists lend their boundless talents to a quartet that includes bassist Reuben Rogers and drummer Eric Harland. \$28 general/\$26 members & seniors/\$14 students. \$35 preferred seating.



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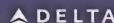


ILLUSTRATION: ROBERT RODRIGUEZ

# arts & culture



## No Joke

Chastity Belt first stood out in Seattle for its mix of dreamy pop and crass humor. Now it's time for Julia Shapiro and her band to get (a little) serious.

BY ANDREW GOSPE

In music, humor is often ephemeral. This is obviously true of music-based comedy, where bands like Flight of the Conchords and The Lonely Island have quickly gone from relevant memes to pop-cultural footnotes, but it also holds for bands who incorporate humor into their music.

For whatever reason—the incessant grind of touring and releasing new material, the existential dread of aging—bands who start with a sense of humor tend to lose it over time. Consider the case of Beck's transformation from cheeky collections to world-weary rock gods over the course of three albums, or the gradual maturation of irreverent pop-punk bands like Green Day and Blink-182 as, respectively, they discovered politics and stopped writing songs about being young, dumb, and bored. At the same time, though, if a band is too funny for too long (like, say, They Might Be Giants), it runs the risk of being categorized in the popular consciousness as one of those comedy first/music second novelty acts.

Humor, then, is risky, but can bear rewards as well. When staid self-seriousness has become the indie-rock norm, it can help a young band stand out. That's the case with Chastity Belt, an act whose most salient attribute is levity, as is evident in its songs like "Nap Slip," "Giant Vagina," its lyrics, and the informal typo in the name of its website. The band's do-it-yourself aesthetic is the example of the band's self-effacing wit. It's even there in the band's press photo—a shot of the group in front-print dresses, with singer/guitarist Julia Shapiro lifting her skirt to reveal a literal chastity belt fashioned from some chain, a padlock, and a streak.

Bands with Chastity Belt's sound—melodic, mellow, guitar-led pop—usually aren't very funny. That, along with some sharp songwriting and perhaps the unexpected dissonance of an all-female group singing loudly and plainly about drunkenness and sex, has made them one of Seattle's most talked-about bands. The group has received raves of national press, including a gaudy 7.5 review from Pitchfork. This month, the band will embark on their first national tour. But as Chastity Belt's popularity grows, it's engaged in a balancing act of sorts between the public's expectations of a national touring band and the devil-may-care ethos that made them so compelling in the first place.

That balancing act was on display at the late-August release show for *No Regrets*. The band



COURTESY OF AP/WIDEWORLD

took the stage at Barboza, and, without a word to the audience, launched into "Pussy Weed Beer," a late cut from its debut. As in many Chastity Belt songs, the music contradicted the title's party-happy abandon. The guitars were clean, not overdriven, led by sunny, syncopated chords rather than furious strumming. Gretchen's drumming was light and loose. Most tellingly, the four-piece's behavior onstage was

manlike, polished, and professional—relatively new descriptors for a band that originated playing sloppy sets at eastern Washington house parties and whose songs center largely on getting wasted, having sex, and having sex after getting wasted. The tightened-up, sullen live show is a relatively new look for Chastity Belt, but according to the band members, they haven't lost their sense of humor. "I hope I never take myself seriously," Shapiro says.

"We'd before the Berlin show, I talked to Shapiro, Grimm, and guitarist Lydia Lund at the Capitol Hill bar where Shapiro works. In conversation, they display the same natural camaraderie that they do onstage. They glance at one another before answering my questions, and their answers often dissolve into spirited tangents about the band's history. They're close friends first and bandmates second, a relationship Shapiro's philosophy seems to bear out.

"The point of playing music is to have fun with it," she continues. "That's the point right now. You want to enjoy it. That's not to say that you can't take what you do seriously, too, but it's serious about having fun."

somewhere between relaxed and cataclysmic; with the exception of some slight, rhythmic bobbing, they scarcely moved. The set continued in this manner, and after 10 or 12 songs, the show was over. Compared to the bands that preceded them—no-wave six-punks Stickers, bouncy pop-rockers Duke York, and Ubri Roi, a dully punchy bunch who seemed the likeliest to write a song about sex, drugs, and alcohol—it was easily the loudest energy set of the night.

It was also the most precise. If subdued onstage, Shapiro and her bandmates were work-

## This Week's Agenda

THURSDAY, OCT. 3  
Martin Short

The old-fashioned Broadway notion of a triple threat (sing, dance, act) doesn't do justice to Martin Short, who was born too late for the postwar stage. Instead, on *SCTV* in the '80s, he created deliriously demented showbiz characters who might've been Broadway stars—if only in their own delusional minds. Chief among them is the albino entertainer Jackie Rogers Jr. (always hindered by that *I* never get the respect he deserves!), an affectionate riff on Sammy Davis Jr., but also a bizarre expression of show-business psychosis—what all those pills and hookers and years of headlining in Vegas will do to a man.

They take a toll! Yet Short is a survivor of a different sort. His four decades in the game—including a stint on *Saturday Night Live*, two dozen movies, and a Tony for *Little Me*—have made him one of the most beloved and revered figures in the industry. ("The funniest guy I know is Louie DeLuca," "The Man with Two...," Tom Hanks.) He's boundlessly enthusiastic onstage, and that zest informs characters like Jimmy Click and Ed Grimley. He's also one of the best talk-show guests in TV history, though tonight he'll be turning the tables to invite audience members onstage. Consider yourself lucky to attend, luckier if called. *The Paramount*, 911 Pine St., 877-284-4849, stgpresents.org. \$41-\$71. 8 p.m. BRIAN MILLER

**Adam Carolla**  
podcast  
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## arts & culture»

No Joke  
» FROM PAGE 28



in Whitman's "ridiculous" far-party scene, were riotous half-forgotten affairs. When both the band and the audience were drunk, nuance was difficult and undesirable.

"It was kind of a joke," Shapiro says. "But then we played three or four shows in Seattle and they were really well-received, and we thought 'Hey, we could actually do this; it doesn't just have to be a joke.'"

Those first Seattle shows, organized by fellow Whitman expatriates Duke York, led to Shapiro and Lund's permanent move to Seattle in the

group's most popular song, a mid-tempo, somber ballad, it's more torch song than punk song, and its earnestness wears on Shapiro.

"Sometimes it's kind of painful singing 'Black Sail,'" she says. "I feel like I'm in the mood. It's just really sentimental or something, and sometimes it just seems really weird to sing. I like the song and everything, but for me, songs that are lighter are way more fun to play live. I don't know, maybe that's just where I'm at right now."

More often Shapiro's songwriting is both dryly acerbic and painfully direct. A good example is the chorus of "James Dean." Apropos for a song named for a porn star, Shapiro believes, "Oh boy, when I fuck you, you make me feel like a prostitute." *No Regrets* is full of such moments—lyrics that could scan as confessional, but are actually crassly deadpan. Though so brazen in her songs, Shapiro is soft-spoken, even demure, in person, and doesn't have much to say about the genesis of her songwriting.

"My sense of humor is kind of crass, so I guess that's why my music is like that," she says. "That just goes along with not taking things super-seriously and having fun with it."

This central dichotomy—skillfully written songs that are flat-out trashy and tasteless, making them seem carelessly tossed-off—makes Chastity Belt a difficult group to parse. It's tempting to assume that the personality it projects on record is at least somewhat a put-on. But Sam Mouser and Jake Muilenburg, whose upstart label Help Yourself Records released *No Regrets*, insist there's no artifice to the music. "It's earnest, but not in a weepy sort of way," Muilenburg says. "They're not being earnest about happy things. The band is them, and they are the band."<sup>ED</sup>

[music@seattleweekly.com](mailto:music@seattleweekly.com)

THE HIGHLINE

210 Broadway Ave. E., 328-7837.  
\$7.9 p.m. Sat., Oct. 5.

**arts & culture»** Agenda

## Agenda

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love when people think my photos are of real animals." She explains that the show's title is a play on the question most often asked about her about her diorama photos: *Where the fuck's that?* The confusion is testament to Crooksl's talent. "Truly, I am," she uses her skill with modeling clay and armature to create incredibly detailed scenes. Then she photographs her miniature natural-history specimens scenes, carefully controlling the lighting to make things appear hyperrealistic. "I love animals as a kid," she says, "but I got to college and was told I couldn't make anything but cuts. So I figured out how to get animals in my work without being cut. My work is about futility. It's funny that man had to figure out this way to create nature and put it in a room, or make special spots on the sidewalk to put trees. My work is sort of my saying, 'They look, isn't this what is says?'

Axis Dance Company

The work that Judith Hill and her crew of mixed-ability movement artists present is the opposite of what critic Arlene Croce has called "victim art." It can make compelling choreography for the variety of performers in the ensemble, whatever their skills and limitations. With this work they create a new definition of virtuosity, one that is less about physical perfection and more about functioning at the extremes. The tools that are often tokens of disability in our culture—wheelchairs, crutches, prosthetics—are valued as much for their kinetic potential as for their traditional uses. They extend possibilities for the artists using them, not the person who made them. The company will perform three works: *Full of Words*, *The Naming*, and *What If? Would*.  
[Sat., June 17] *Memory Hall* (10W Canopus), 435-4800.  
[Sun., June 18] *Sonya's* (339-4444, 8 p.m.)  
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**FRIDAY, OCT. 4**  
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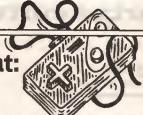
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## the geekly report»

### View From the Passenger Seat: *GTA V* and Morality

BY TERRA CLARKE OLSEN



**S**ince the release of *Grand Theft Auto V* last month, my news feeds have been dominated once again with commentary about video-game immorality. Parents, activists, and others are using the latest installment of the crime-drama driving game to try to direct the nation's moral compass, complaining that the violence, sexism, and vulgar language in video games is corrupting our youth. In response, we defend their right to play games like *GTA V*, saying its violence and sex is no more than what you see in Hollywood movies. It's a good argument. And yet, reading the game arguments, it's clear they're coming from an entirely different universe. Literally.

If I played *GTA V* right now, I would play it as it's intended to be played—shooting innocent people, having sex with hookers, and eliminating rivals. I would glory in the gangster life—poppin' hitties and shootin' hos. That's because morals are quickly swept aside once you're inside a game. You play to win, meaning you play by the game's rules. That is the nature of gaming. Video games take place in fantasy worlds with abstract systems and rules, often resulting in moral codes different from our society's. Most games, even ones no one would consider immoral, have killing in their game mechanics. *Super Mario Bros.*, one of the most beloved games of all time, includes mass murder (how many koopas have you killed?). This is why, if you truly want to objectively gauge the morality of a game, you can't do it from inside the game.

Before jumping into the driver's seat, you should consider how to view games from the passenger side. You should research the promo video and head to YouTube where you can find an infinite number of gameplay videos. By watching gameplay as a spectator, you'll be able to form a more objective opinion of the game and its morals or lack thereof. Here, long before you're pressing buttons on a controller, is where the real moral choice in gaming is made.

I did this with *Grand Theft Auto V*, and it helped me decide whether I wanted to be one of the 15 million people who have bought the game. I had previously watched the promo video, and was impressed. Rockstar has been working on this game for years, and it shows. The sheer amount of detail is mind-blowing, not to mention the fact that you can interact and adventure all over SoCal. And you can do more than explore the entire world; you can also play mini-games. You can go freakin' scuba diving if

you want! That's right, Rockstar even created an underwater world for you. Sweet!

Intrigued, I watched gameplay videos uploaded to YouTube by proud gamers. It started OK. I watched a player blast through cops, screaming all the expletives you would expect, but nothing was really all that alarming to me at that point. No, I don't believe that you should kill cops. But these cops are after your character, and like any other game, you have to stop the people who might prevent your successful completion of the mission. So I stop, I mean blast them with a military-grade weapon.

Fast forward. The player goes into a gun shop to buy new weapons. Realizing that he



can't shoot people in the gun range or rob the store, he leaves the store frustrated, declaring, "Somebody is going to catch one of these!" as his character punches the air. He turns to see a woman standing on the street corner. He approaches her, punches her in the head, she stumbles and puts her hands up in defense. Then he shoots her point blank in the head. I was shocked.

Why? I knew what I was watching, a game where you kill prostitutes to get your money back. But watching it as a spectator stirred up a lot of negative feelings. I watched a few more videos for good measure, and finally couldn't handle it any longer. Morally, I could never bring myself to play this game. Even though I know it's a crazy world, it was too real and glorifying too many things I stand against. As a gamer, I made the moral choice not to enter that world.

So I propose to other gamers: Before entering a game, educate yourself. You might decide that the awesome mechanics outweigh whatever questionable material is present. That is fine. But I suspect that if more players stopped to think about what they're playing before they play, they might choose fewer games like *GTA V*. Maybe then there would be more games that reward you for creativity and abstract thinking (*Project Spark*, anyone?), and not for killing women after paying them for sex. ■

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# Opening Nights



## Air Twyla

MCCARTY HALL, 221 MERCER ST. (SEATTLE CENTER), 441-2424, PNB.ORG, \$28-\$74.

7:30 P.M. THURS.-SAT., 1 P.M. SUN. ENDS OCT. 6.

**Twyla Tharp has been making dances since 1965, and for all that time she's used just about every element she could find. Her work is both intensely intellectual and deceptively casual, physically demanding and kinetically relaxed. Tharp's trademark is this combination of genres—of movement, music, theater, and literature. Which means that her newest work, made for Pacific Northwest Ballet, mixes classical vocabulary with the Lindy Hop, Greek mythology with American stereotypes.**

*Waiting at the Station* is a narrative work, but far from a traditional story ballet. We follow a solitary man as he tries to connect with his son. Yet he's distracted by the people around him, couples flirting and squabbling, and pursued by a trio of women who may turn out to be the Fates. He's more frustrated than anything: His son doesn't pick up the phone, his son's in town, and his son's trying to slodge his first trial. It's only after he sees it die and come back to life that he puts everything right, defusing the quarreling couples and launching his son to follow in his jazzy footsteps. Only then can he catch the train he's been waiting for, bound for the next world or the next town.

Santo Loquasto's designs locate this work in the 1930s, and the score by renowned R&B master Allen Toussaint zeroes in on New Orleans. Tharp has always had a special affinity for jazz, and it's been a key element in developing her signature style. The seemingly easy virtuosity that lies on top of some fiendishly difficult movements is a perfect match for Toussaint's rhythmic play. (His appearances during the first week of the program were also an incredible bonus.)

As the father, James Moore has one of his best roles, bringing his technical skills to the service of the character. Price Sudhardt plays his son,

tricking us into thinking he can't dance as well as the father, which makes his triumph extra-sweet. Carrie Imler and Laura Tisserand are the fractious women, partnered with Kiyan Gaines and Jonathan Porretta—all four of them totally

audience mist up?" Mr. Bojangles."Les Petits Frères and the local Duo Madrona round out the cast and contribute energetic tumbling and zany performances.

Despite its mainstream commercial appeal, TZ2Z has gratifyingly managed to retain some of the louche scruffiness—not in execution, but in attitude—of the alternative cirque/burlesque world, the Moisant Festival and the like, that burgeoned in Seattle in recent decades. You pay a lot more than you might for a show at Re-Bar or the Pink Door, but the whole immersive experience still seems a bargain, especially if you're buying dinner and a show as a stretch evening-long party.

And as usual, the food never disappoints. The highlight of chef Erik D. Carlson's menu was an immense slab of succulent halibut that I wanted to curl up and nap on. **GAVIN BOICHEIT**

## The Matchmaker

TAPROOF THEATRE, 204, N 85TH ST., 781-9707, TAPROOTTHEATRE.ORG, \$15-\$40. RUNS WED.-SAT. ENDS OCT. 19.

Thornton Wilder's classic farce is a tortured piece of art. A 1954 variation on an oft-retroded tale built around mistaken identities and general buffoonery, *The Matchmaker* has found timeless-ness through the playwright's astute attempt to reach for something more elevated than base ridicule. When a production achieves its intended balance, the play—hated as the Broadway musical and movie *Holly, Holly*—manages to knit themes of love, morality, class, and the dread of homelessness into delightful and nightmarish scenes. What's more, it's well, you get the drift: the buffoonery is good.

The great aims of the play set in the 1980s, are embodied by widowed marriage broker Dolly Levi Gallagher (played boldly and joyfully by Pam Nole). With a thick Irish brogue and twinkling eye, she encourages the ridiculous adventures of the tale's naive working-class adventurers to achieve her ultimate goal: marrying her client, the tight-fisted Yonkers half-millionaire widower Horace Vandergelder (Robert Galloher). She's after his money, a base desire going for easy comedy, but Wilder has written her a higher purpose. "I've always felt money—pardon my expression—is like manure," Dolly says during her grand soliloquy. "It's not worth a thing unless it's spread about, encouraging young things to grow."

Dolly's deeply sad but life-affirming speech is impeded at first, and yet it comes to connect with our viewer. Wilder achieves that largely to the encores that jingle it all. Here Frank Ferrante returns as the flamboyant chef Caesar, a sort of ornithomimous Liberace/Chazz Palminteri mashup. The sharpness and speed of his wisecracking improv skills are impressive, as would be expected from a performer who's earned acclaim impersonating Groucho Marx.

The slyly Dreya Weber, equally skilled as an aerialist and singer, plays a resurrected Cleopatra. Vita Radionova, a dazzling howl-is-that-ever possible hula-hoop routine, plays an Egyptian goddess in charge of a "love" spice that everyone's after. Wayne and Andrea Conway Doba—in showboat parlance, a "general business team," able in comedy, song, dance, character work, whatever's required—provide the evening's emotional heart with a tap-dance routine to "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails," "Cheek to Cheek," and (what song could more reliably make an

## Secondhand Lions

THE 5TH AVENUE THEATRE, 1308 FIFTH AVE., 251-5906, STAVENUE.ORG, \$29 AND UP. RUNS TUES.-SUN. ENDS OCT. 6.

Given its stated mission to send a new musical to Broadway every season, the 5th Avenue has scored one bull's-eye after another. With successful launches of *First Date*, *Memphis*, and *Catch Me If You Can*, later subject to a few tweaks and refinements, they've made it look easy—until now. Though its problems aren't insurmountable, *Secondhand Lions* will require a substantial retouching.

Based on a 2000 movie in which lovable old Texas codger Robert Duvall and Michael Caine schooled young Haley Joel Osment (remember him?), this stage musical profiles a stupifyingly talented cast and two or three killer showstoppers. What it doesn't have, and desperately needs, is focus, despite such a simple plot. Walter (the pitch-perfect Johnny Raye) is an 11-year-old nebbish sent by his philandering mother to spend what promises to be a miserable summer with uncles Garth and Hub (Broadway mainstays Gregg Edelman and Mark Jacoby). Walter discovers that his uncles are the stuff of legend—unless he's falling for their Texas-sized tall tales. There's a truck of money hidden on the premises, the locals murmur. Is it the ill-gotten gains of a bank-robbing career? Or did the uncle really once have exotic adventures in the Foreign Legion? To illustrate these yarns, greatly expanded from the movie, playwright Rupert Holmes creates some fantasy sequences for the stage, while director Christopher Gaze and Hub We see how, for example, they rescued a damsel (the voluptuous Jenny Powers) from the clutches of a dastardly shark (Jason Danielewski, who chews the scenery with Saturday-matinee serial fervor).

Like *The Wizard of Oz* or *The Princess Bride*, *Secondhand Lions* is a fable, a story-within-a-story bookended by a familiar reality. It's a promising conceit, maybe even a future classic with enough rewriting. But Holmes and director Scott Schwartz have a mighty misstep in treating the show's action-filled center—the uncles' supposed Arabian adventures—as cornball and camp. It's tantamount to hearing Christian Bale's Batman reflect on his crime-fighting career, then watching Adam West's TV Batman perform those escapades in Flashback. In the second act, everything grinds to such a halt that even the present-day Texas characters call bulletin board into the flashback to try to set things right.

If that weren't bad enough, the actual line from the movie is gone and an extraneous new human introduced, the know-it-all girl Jane (Sophia Anne Caruso). Likely intended to increase the show's demographic appeal, this irritating character only adds to the goulash of a story. Cast excluded, this *Secondhand Lions* is nowhere near ready for Broadway. Eugene Lee's main set—a makeshift barn wall that serves double duty as the backdrop for desert adventures—demands serious reconsideration. *First Date* composers Alan Zachary and Michael Weiner's songs are safe and sensible, and a few boast memorable tunes you'll want to hear again and often. But until its creators take the whole story seriously—legends included—this lion will never roar. **KEVIN PHINNEY HI**

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# arts & culture » Visual Arts

BY KELTON SEARS

## Openings & Events

**JAN ALBUS** Ineffable collects the Montana artist's unprinting photos. Opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Weds., Oct. 2, CoCa Ballard Gallery, 912 Seavey Ave. N.W., 728-1960, coesacenter.org. Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.

**BAM'S FREE FIRST FRIDAYS** Strapped for cash? Here's your chance to check out the 50-year retrospective touring local ceramics artist Pam Watson, another of the 10 artists in the exhibition, "Watson, 50 Years," at BAM's free First Friday, 6-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sept. 27.

**BANDS IN THE PARK** OPENING SATURDAY, Sept. 27 and Sunday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Lynden cardholders can gain access to Northwest American Indian Museum, Seattle Art Museum, Tacoma Art Museum, and the Seattle Asian Art Museum.

**LAURIE LEE BRONI, RONALD & MITCHELL, AND SAIL** Three separate solo exhibitions of paintings, digital work, and drawings that all share a similar baroque, painterly style. Opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Sat., 6-9 p.m. Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sept. 27.

**BEN BUTLER** In Preparation, he constructs strange, abstract structures from found materials and spirals. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Davidson Galleries, 310 Occidental Ave. S., 824-1324, davidsongalleries.com. Opens Oct. 3, Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Oct. 4, Sun., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.

**DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD** She will be presenting her life-sized sculptures of horses, constructed out of bronze casts of dried sticks, branches, and other organic materials. Opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Sat., 6-9 p.m. Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sept. 27.

**DOME ART COLLECTIVE GRAND OPENING** The opening celebration of this new gallery features works by Ben Amstutz, Matt Aronoff, and Bob Aronoff. First Friday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Thurs., Sept. 27.

**THE ENDLESS AGENDA** PAGE 27. OPENING SATURDAY, Sept. 27.

**DOME ART COLLECTIVE GRAND OPENING** The opening celebration of this new gallery features works by Ben Amstutz, Matt Aronoff, and Bob Aronoff. First Friday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Thurs., Sept. 27.

**PATRICK J. DONOHUE** Emulations showcases built surfaces of wax, paper, and clay that convey a sense of breaking through. First Thursday opening reception: 5-8 p.m. Sat., Cellarlevel Studios, 123 W. Washington St., 662-3820, cellarlevelstudios.com. Opens Oct. 4, Fri., & Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Oct. 26.

**JAN ERICKSON** Oahu Theatre presents Erickson's new series of drawings and prints. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Thurs., Sept. 27.

**TOM FERGUSON** Tom Ferguson's first Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Thurs., Sept. 27.

**FREMONT ART WALK** Fremont's First Friday artwork includes Victropax, Fremont Brewing, Co., 509 Winey and Tasting Room, Caffe Vita, and Fremont Artisan Market. First Friday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Thursdays.

**GAYLEN HANSEN** Hansen's rough-hewn paintings feature figures in coy-artist landscapes. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Linda Hodges Gallery, 315 First Ave. S., 624-3034, lindahodgesgallery.com. Tues.-Tues., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 23.

**WILLIAM HERRING** In Mylego, the Paravarian-born artist shows his impressionistic paintings. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. ArtXchange, 512 First Ave. S., 639-3377, artxchange.org. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 23.

**INNOVATION** This group show features artists from the 2012 Pitchfork Emerging Artists in Residence. Jessie Blackmer, Lea Bucknell, Clark DeCapite, Elizabeth Fortunato, Anthony Sonnenberg, and Julianne Wisden. First Thursday opening reception: 5-8 p.m. Method Gallerie, 1200 1/2 Union Ave. S., 662-3820, methodgallerie.com. Opens Oct. 4, Fri., Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 9.

**UZIE KLINGER** In Playing Games, the British artist has created over 40 highly detailed and whimsical illustrations that have earned their clients in The Guardian, Absolut Vodka, and Vogue. Some new works will be added directly to the galleries. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Uzia, 1203 Second Ave., 467-8927, m-i-e-gallery.com. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

**ARTHUR M. MARSHALL** The Krokers, from the University of Victoria and experts in technology and communication, will be presenting new work in the store window exhibition space. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Tashiro Kaplan Building, 501 Harrison St. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), mcrkrokers.net/gallery. Opens Oct. 3, Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Oct. 30.

**MOHAI FREE FIRST THURSDAYS** The museum is featuring its annual "Free First Thursday" (admission is free). From 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. on the first Thursday of each month, visitors can view the collection (artifacts from our archeology and maritime history), you can see John Grade's 6-foot-tall sculpture *Wawona* and *Celiloated Seattle*, curated by SW film critic Helen H. Richardson, and *Industry*, 881 Terry Avenue N., 324-1126, mohai.org. First Thursday of every month, 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

**MARY O'CONNELL & RYAN FINNERTY** (*Journal*) presents works in oil, paper, acrylic, and wood. Finnerty shows large-scale portraiture. First Thursday opening reception: 6-8 p.m. Cora Gallery, 117 Prefontaine Place S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 467-4444, coreagallery.com. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

**RICK PHELPS** It's Only a Paper Ghost is a series of highly varied paper-mache pieces that range from small to life-size to turtles. First Thursday opening reception: 5-7 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Thurs., 662-3820, paper-hammer.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Nov. 29.

**FAIR FAIRY GODMOTHER** *Godmother* (Fiction's Perfect Fairy Godmother) explores the concept of "family" through the lens of the seven deadly sins. In the back gallery, Descriptions explores the shifting notion of portraiture in today's world of social media. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Thurs., 662-3820, gallery1010.com. 110 Third Ave. S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 624-3458, gallery1010.com. Weds.-Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES** A collection of vintage jewelry featuring the work of nine metalsmiths. Opening reception: 5-7 p.m. Weds., Oct. 2, 12-5 p.m. Jewelry Art Gallery, 1420 Fifth Ave., 624-7628, faceready.com. Open Oct. 3, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Oct. 22.

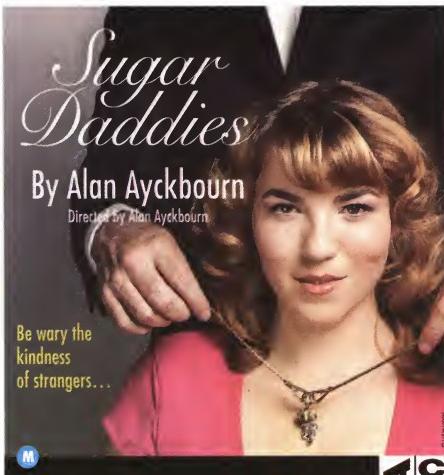
**DARA SOLLDIG & MOLLY MARIA** More Painting About Buildings and Cars is well, a bunch of paintings of buildings and cars. Take note, architecture and auto enthusiasts. First Thursday opening reception: 5-8 p.m. Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Thurs., 662-3820, solldig.com. Opens Oct. 4, Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 3.

**SILO THOMPSON** The Seattle artist explores an evolving archive of collages in paper, collage, and glass. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Sat., 651 Ltd. Art Gallery, 307 E. Pike St., 457-2920, 10artsgallery.com. First Tuesday-Sunday of every month, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Through Oct. 22.

**JUNICHIRO KOBAYASHI** Chibi Peacock presents the artist's intricate wooden toy figurines of robots and futuristic beings. Opening reception: 4-6 p.m. Sat., Oct. 5, KOBO at Jing, 604 S. Jackson St., 381-3000, koboseattle.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sun., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Oct. 26.

**WIZARD BUSINESS & HOLE ALEXANDRIAN** This group show features Ursula Schaefer, Elizabeth Deane, and Justin Pihl's presence, probing the relationship between mysticism, spirituality, and art. Alessandrian's Error 404. She Not Found explores the unusual trial of Michaelangelo, Steve Jobs, and Steve Jobs. First Thursday opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Galleries 112 Third Ave. S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 264-8061, sololgarts.com. Opens Oct. 3, Thurs., 6-9 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

**THOMAS WOOD** Northwest Land, Sea, and Sky—is—surprise!—a collection of Northwest landscape paintings. First Thursday opening reception: 6-8 p.m. Lise Harris Gallery, 1922 Plus Place, 445-3315, lisharrisgallery.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 4.



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# Opening This Week

**Bad Milo!**

RUNS FRI., OCT. 4-THURS., OCT. 10 AT SIFF CINEMA UPTOWN. RATED R. 85 MINUTES.

There are places even the celebrated body-horror filmmaker David Cronenberg wouldn't go. Places—you might say—where the sun don't shine. Such a place is explored in *Bad Milo!*, an energetic exercise in excitable taste that locates the source of its protagonist's problems in the lower gastrointestinal tract. Ken (Marino) carries a lot of stress inside him. His job as a number-cruncher is poisoned by a corrupt boss (Patrick Warburton), his wife (Gillian Jacobs) wants a child; and his father (Stephen Root) won't speak to him. Ken's mother (Mary Kay Place) has taken up with a really weird man (Kumail Nanjiani) and they suspect Ken's physical ailments are a sign of erectile dysfunction.

If only. No, the source of Ken's chronic stomach pain is the big-eyed, sharp-toothed demon living inside his colon. The beastie, named Milo, has the ability to leap out and slaughter Ken's enemies. As if that weren't bad enough, Milo has the ability to slip back inside his host after running his errands, which somehow seems much, much worse. Director Jacob Vaughn includes just enough social context to prove he knows what he's doing in a world of cold corporate behavior and personal estrangement, why wouldn't the demons inside begin to run amok? And thanks to explanations from Kent therapist played by *Fargo's* Peter Stormare at his wiggies, we're left with no doubt that Milo exists to act out Ken's repressed wishes and represent the undigested components of existence.

If it's not already evident, we should note that *Bad Milo!* is absolutely bonkers. The movie requires one in a steady state, and the actors—the end-credible blooper reel confirms!—have been encouraged to improvise their way through individual scenes. (Troy Hiss, as the doctor who informs Ken that he appears to have "arouper in your pooper," is especially horrific; he could easily merit his own DVD extra feature.) The cast is expert, led by the big-shouldered, straight-faced Marino, a veteran of *The State* and its comedic spinoffs. Still, there is no skimping on horror-movie gore, which makes the movie difficult to peg: It's funny, it's gross, and it has a few serious things on its mind. Is it any wonder David Cronenberg is thanked in the end credits?

ROBERT HORTON

## Gravity

RUNS FRI., OCT. 4 AT CINERAMA AND OTHER THEATERS. PG-13. 91 MINUTES.

Why are they even offering this movie in non-3-D formats? With George Clooney and Sandra Bullock stranded in orbit, menaced by regular bombardments of space debris? With the oxygen running out and no prospect of rescue from Earth? *Of course* you should spend the extra money on 3-D. That's not even a decision. You should see it at the biggest possible screen. You should see it at the early shows on Thursday night. Then you should go back and see it again with friends who weren't savvy enough to pre-order Thursday tickets online. It's that kind of movie.



Jacobs and Marino face gastrointestinal issues.

Back on Earth, Dr. Stone (Bullock) is just the sort of Type A high-achiever who would make her online movie reservations early. About a family, she's entirely devoted to her work, which involves some sort of experiment on the Hubble Space Telescope. We begin the movie outside that orbiting platform, as she and veteran astronaut Kowalski (Clooney) are performing routine repairs. She's tethered to a giant arm. He's cavitating about with a jet pack—*of course* Clooney gets the jet pack—and listening to country music. Kowalski's cocky, experienced, about to retire; Stone's the eager newbie trying to prove she's got the right stuff. She has her chance, and then some, in the astonishing 12-minute opening sequence, seamlessly rendered via CGI by director Alfonso Cuarón (*Children of Men, Y Tu Mamá También*).

Because there's no sound in space (i.e., no escape route to that sound), Stone's panicked breathing is the film's dominant noise, while the humongous trash to the terrifying sense, as bullet-speed space garbage cascades upon the shuttle and its fragile crew. (Like stars from the past, decomposing old Cold War satellites have caused the orbiting trash fusillade.) The camera occupies no fixed position. There is no up or down in the frame as it pushes and swoops among the wreckage and flailing astronauts. Scant warning of the disaster comes from ground control in Houston, voiced by Ed Harris, a nice little nod to *Apollo 13*. With so many satellites down, quips Kowalski, "Half of North America just lost their Facebook."

Spinning into the void, Stone can't get her bearings, and the rest of the film consists of her navigating from one problem to the next. If the shuttle is disabled, let's get to the International

Space Station. If no one's home there, let's try the Chinese station next door. For all its technical marvels and breathtaking panoramas reflected in Stone's visor, *Gravity* is a very compact and task-oriented picture. It's both space-age and hugely traditional, though with a modern, self-aware heroine who inevitably begins talking to herself—"You gotta be kidding me!"—to fight the loneliness and complain of each new setback. From speeding bus to orbiting space capsule, Bullock is again the everywoman confronted with haywire technology. And her character's exasperated vulnerability makes for an interesting contrast to stoic, shipwrecked Robert Redford in *All Is Lost*, due October 25.

As Stone retreats through airlock and bulkhead to find safety, grabbing at latches and lifelines, dangling in her 3-D POV, each narrow escape results in D.W. Griffith and the silent era. She's bit of sad personal history to share with Kowalski, the oddball she left behind in the moment of her present peril. If anything isn't trying to kill her, another thing is. In a marvelously forward-thrusting film that doesn't need much dialogue or introspection, Stone scores her biggest laugh with an exasperated aside: "I hate space." Thanks to Cuarón, we know just the feeling. BRIAN MILLER

## Herb & Dorothy 50 x 50

RUNS FRI., OCT. 4-THURS., OCT. 10 AT NORTHWEST SILENT FILM FEST. NOT RATED. 87 MINUTES.

Dorothy and Herbert Vogel were the subjects of a prior doc by Megumi Sasaki, which played NWFF in 2009, the year after Seattle Art Museum was announced a beneficiary of their

50 Works for 50 States bequest. Those donated works went on view at SAM this past March, and are available through October 27. If you saw the first film, this one doesn't add much. If you've been to the museum or are planning a visit, it's well worth seeing.

In brief: the Vogels were humble young collectors in the early '60s whose buying criteria were essentially small, affordable, and minimalist. (They had no kids and enjoyed a rent-controlled Manhattan home.) Three decades later, they promised the National Gallery their 5,000 acquisitions, all kept in their one-bedroom apartment (!)—more than the Washington, D.C., institution could possibly store or exhibit. Thus the 50 by 50 program, which would send 2,500 works to museums in all the states. (We got works by Stephen Antonakos, Sol LeWitt, Terry Winters, Cheryl Ladd, Robert Mangold, and others.)

In declining health (particularly Herby), the Vogels clearly trust Sasaki, who trails them to museum openings and receptions in New Jersey, Hawaii, Canada, and elsewhere. It's a celebration of the couple they ferreted like rock stars, and this modest, middle-class couple clearly elishes the attention. (Herb plays the curnudgeon, but lets slip a few proud smiles.) During the recession, one museum director explains, they can't afford to make acquisitions, so the Vogels' gift is also the more striking. Artists they supported are interviewed (some resist the collection's dispersal), and this also makes for a repetitive tribute of praise for and devotion by the Vogels. You might not share their taste or like everything now hanging at SAM, but it's impossible not to admire their generosity. BRIAN MILLER

## Parkland

OPEN FRI., OCT. 4 AT PACIFIC PLACE MULTISCREEN CINEMAS. RATED PG-13. 93 MINUTES.

The only interesting thing about *Parkland* is that it exists. And that's because of our collective desire to know what happened on November 22, 1963, the day a young president and a still-unresolved mystery began. Quelled from Vincent Bugliosi's 2007 book *Four Days in November*, the movie presents narrow-gauge vignettes, acted out by supporting players in Dallas during the tragedy. Supporting players, but not peripheral. The most gripping section of the film starts at Parkland Hospital, where an unassuming overtime ER crew deals with the arrival of a US president with a severe head wound. Marcia Gay Harden contributes her granite professionalism as the nurse on duty; although here, as in other episodes, the cast tends toward the TV guest-star star, with Zazie Beetz and Colin Hanks also pulling duty. (Hanks dad, Tom, died of a brain tumor.)

There's a very dull storyline about Lee Harvey Oswald's brother Robert (James Badge Dale), enlivened only by the battiness of Oswald's mother (Jackie Weaver, in her *Animal Kingdom* moment). The movie takes a stand on Oswald's guilt or innocence, theories surrounding the Kennedy assassination, because it keeps its gaze at ground level. The director, longtime investigative reporter Peter Landesman, seeks to show things "as they happened" and force a comment. So take that, Oliver Stone.

An entire feature could be made from the story of Abraham Zapruder, whose name became a household word after he clocked the presidential motorcade with his 8 mm cam-



Bullock gets beautifully lost in space.

SCOTT SIMON

era. In *Parkland*, Zapruder's story repeats a single note—anguish—as it tracks the sudden attention he gets from a Secret Service agent (Billy Bob Thornton, a good turn) and a *Life* magazine representative. As Zapruder, Paul Giamatti does his expected fine work, but he's got nowhere to go either. Everybody keeps watching the Zapruder film, reacting in horror, and not finding an answer.

Watching *Parkland*, you may feel the same way. This whole movie is like adding more frames to an already endless film loop—as if by sifting through them we'll settle something. When Woody Allen's character in *Annie Hall* realized his obsession with the JFK case was just a way of avoiding intimacy with his wife, it was a clever passing joke. Now it looks like an accurate diagnosis of the national sickness, our inability to live with the idea that we might never know what happened—or that the likeliest explanation is insufficiently grand to fit such a history-altering event. *Parkland* is a particularly feeble drop in the bucket. ROBERT HORTON

## The Summit

OPENS FRI., OCT. 4 AT HARVARD EXIT. RATED R. 95 MINUTES.

Only a few Seattle climbers have seen the top of K2, Everest's less-traveled big brother in Pakistan, which has a staggering 1.4 ratio of deaths to survivors. In 2008, as was widely reported, 11 mountaineers perished in a cascade of bad judgment and warm-weather-caused icefall on the 8,000-meter peak. (Global warming? Maybe.) Nick Ryan's documentary uses reenactments, fresh interviews, and some original footage to chronicle that calamity, with emphasis on Irish alpinist Gerard McDonnell, his countryman, who was making his second attempt on K2.

This storytelling here isn't *Into Thin Air*, and the conflicting testimony among several nationalities and rival expeditions is not a model of clarity. It's like *Rashomon* in the Death Zone. None of those oxygen-starved brains are ever going to agree on a sequence of events. It's like asking drunks about a bender

five years after the fact. After fixed lines are severed by a massive icfall that strands McDonnell and others on the deadly descent, there is no central, reliable Krakauer figure on the mountain. Books have since been written, and the Internet was abuzz with reports even before the body count was known.)

As a result, sober analysis of the incident gives way to weepy pathos—padded with the story of Italy's first ascent of K2 in '54—in an avalanche of sentiment. Whenever possible, Ryan opts for theory and conjecture instead of facts. His intent, it emerges, is to make McDonnell the hero of Italian legend, the heel, and the Soviets, because the clowns down the pike are very wrong. But really, as with most big mountain-music disasters, the weather and overcrowding are to blame. As all the teams swarmed the same bottleneck, a Dutch climber recalls, "Everyone wants to use this window," meaning the clear skies overhead. But the fixed lines weren't ready because the different teams hadn't cooperated, and McDonnell sensibly asks "Aren't we too late?" about the slow progress beneath huge overhanging seracs. (Those, viewed in real photos and video, are terrifyingly like office towers made of ice, gradually coming unfrozen from the mountain.)

As on Everest in '96, climbers were suckered by the weather. All their costly preparations couldn't match their harsh, lofty objective, notes the late, legendary Walter Bonatti: "Only the mountain attains perfection." BRIAN MILLER [film@seattleweekly.com](mailto:film@seattleweekly.com)

One of the documentary's reenactors, with the camera rig visible.

Thornton and other pros can't help the *Parkland* cause.



ANTHONY

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